



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

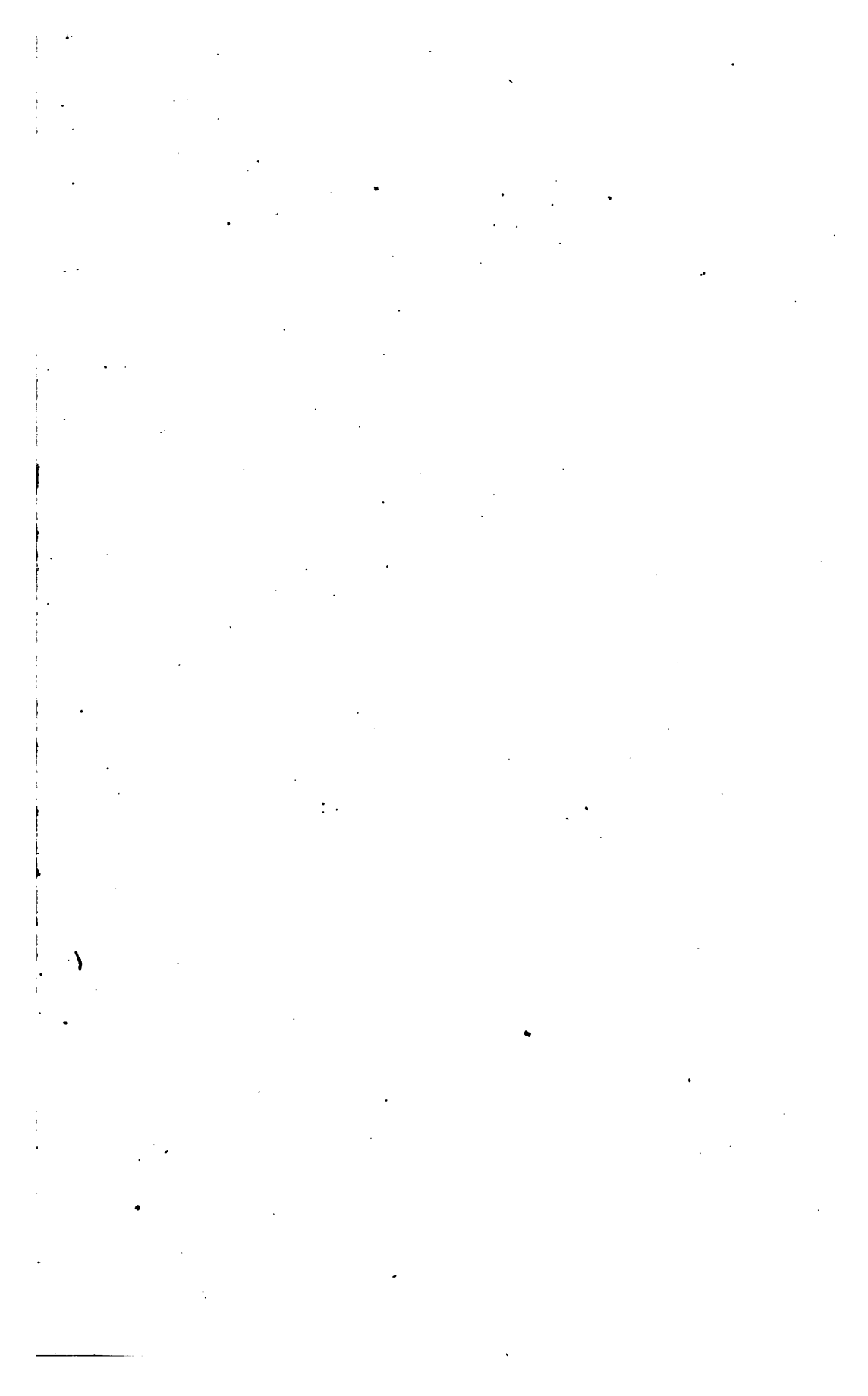
B20.23



Harvard College Library

FROM

*Mrs. N. S. Shaler*





*J. J. Scudder*  
*with "Scudder's" Scudder*  
*17378.71.5*

JUSTIN WINSOR

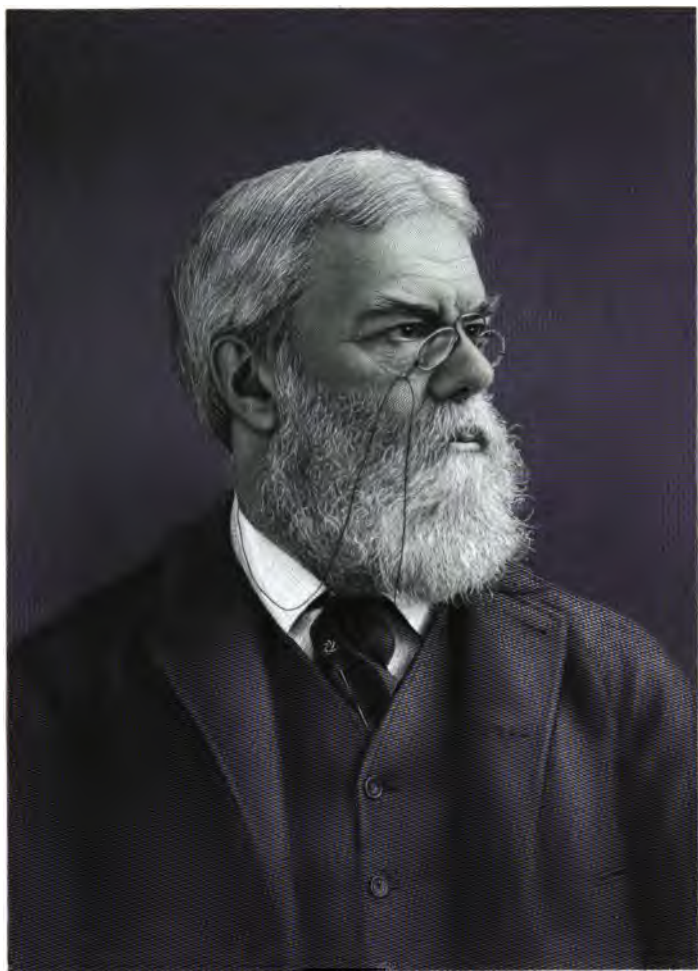
A Memoir

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER







J.A. Wilson, S.

Justin Wilson



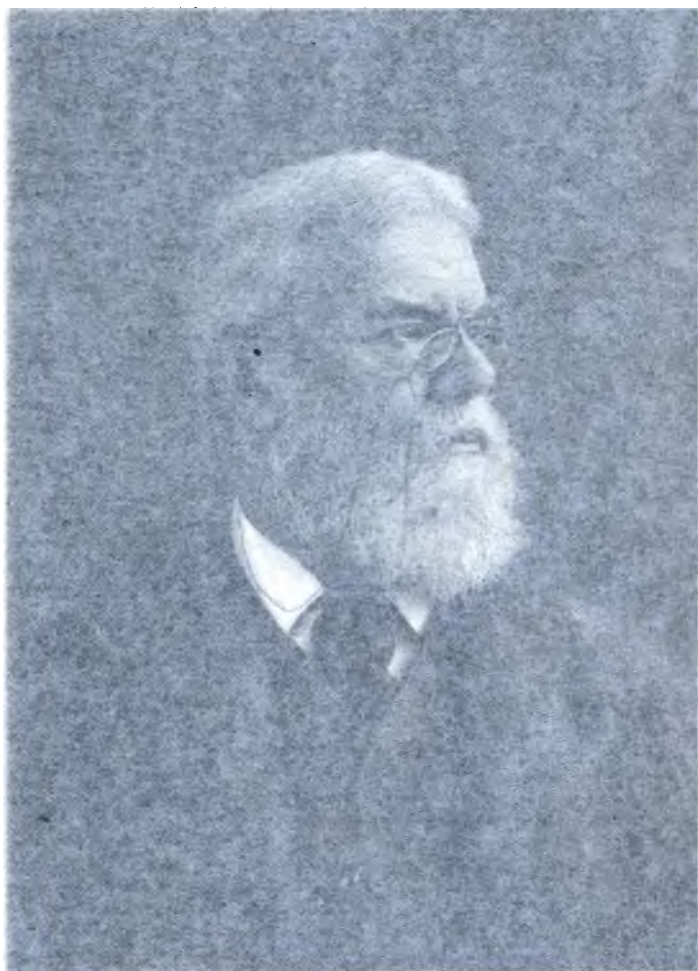
ALPHABETICALLY

A. J. H. H. H.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOUNDED 1862

CAMBRIDGE  
THE UNIVERSITY  
1899



Justin Winsor

©

# JUSTIN WINSOR

## A Memoir

PREPARED FOR THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

BY

HORACE E. SCUDDER

---

CAMBRIDGE  
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1899

~~172~~  
B20.23



**Gift of**  
**Mrs. N. S. Shaler**

## JUSTIN WINSOR.

---

JUSTIN, son of Nathaniel, Jr., and Ann Thomas (Howland) Winsor, was born January 2, 1831, in Boston, and spent his life in that city and its neighborhood ; but he was equally at home in the town of Duxbury, Massachusetts, the birthplace of both his father and mother. So deeply planted were the Winsors and Howlands in the soil of the Old Colony, and so much additional stock came with his own marriage that Justin Winsor, who had a strong sense of ancestry and kinship, used to say of his daughter Constance, that no one living had more Pilgrim blood than she.<sup>1</sup> He was the second son of the name, the first Justin dying in infancy ; he had a brother and sister in his childhood, both of whom died early, and one sister, eleven years his junior, who lived to womanhood.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Nathaniel Winsor, Jr., was a prosperous merchant of Boston, and lived, when Justin was a boy, in Allen Street, at that time in a substantial neighborhood at the West End of the city. He was a ship-broker with large connections, and at one time controlled a line of packets to New Orleans ; he was one of the first also to establish a regular line of sailing packets between the Atlantic coast and San Francisco, and abandoned the enterprise only when the Union Pacific Railroad was opened. During twenty-three years he loaded over three

<sup>1</sup> If any one could have disputed this statement a little later, it would have been his granddaughter, Penelope Barker Noyes.

Cordelia Arthur, widow of Alden L. Drake, died at West Roxbury, December 15, 1889.

hundred and fifty ships for San Francisco. In politics Mr. Winsor was a Whig, and his religious affiliations are indicated by the fact that he was one of the founders of the (Unitarian) Church of the Unity.

He was in the midst of these activities when his son was a student at Harvard, and like many merchants was deeply engrossed in his business; yet those who saw him in his serene old age when after some severe reverses he had wholly retired from business, think of him as a strikingly handsome man, a lover of books and simple pleasures. Such he undoubtedly was all his life, even if he chose to forego much of this sort of intellectual gratification in the time of his closest application to business. There is a picture of him drawn by his solicitous son when a sophomore at college which has a double interest from the likeness to the original and the glimpse it gives of the portrait-painter's own mind:—

"I have hopes to get father into better ways. He generally comes home at night, gets a cigar, sits and thinks, thinks and thinks of his business without relaxation, and allows it even to disturb his nights; 't is business, business, business. The human mind cannot endure without a change; relaxation is necessary. The late Ezra Weston of Duxbury, at the same time he was amassing a large fortune, lost in a measure his mind, which was worn out by a constant exercise in the same way. I ought to feel thankful to a parent who must thus sacrifice a great portion of this world's pleasure for obtaining that for his children which will enable them to live in ease, — and perhaps kill themselves by too close application to books."<sup>1</sup>

Justin Winsor's introduction to the knowledge of literature was early. He had occasion once to quote Byron's saying that the "trunk-maker was the sexton of authorship," and it recalled his own experience as a child not yet seven sent for punishment into an ante-chamber in the school-room, where in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Winsor died at his home in West Roxbury, April 7, 1893. Mrs. Winsor survived him in the same home until January 7, 1899.

petulance he kicked and hauled at an old trunk, which sprang open and proved to be lined with printed sheets. "I remember plainly," he wrote, "the large caption at the top of the page, and how I read it out: 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' For amusement I began to read the pages and soon became most intensely interested. The pages in sight happened to contain that gorgeous description of Bagdad. How I still remember those magnificent palaces of the Caliphs. Time passed quickly, and I was almost unconscious of its fleeing, until the door opened, and in rushed the whole school for their hats, caps, and outward apparel."

When scarcely more than a child he was sent to a boarding-school in Sandwich, but his preparation for college was at the Boston Latin School. He always hated school, and its tasks, not because he was indolent, but for the opposite reason. He was so absorbed in his own intellectual pursuits that he was impatient of the restrictions of school and class work. The Mexican war was going on at this time; his father held the exclusive right to charter vessels and transport troops and supplies from Boston and some other ports to the Gulf, and the boy's diary, which he began early, is crowded with accounts of actions and movements of troops. But the Mexican war was only one of his interests. There are all sorts of tables; lists of governors of the State; comparisons of speed; railroad statistics; analyses of membership in the House and Senate; scraps of verse and pithy sayings which have struck him in his reading; indignant championship of General Taylor, who was his hero; and most noticeable of all, as presaging his historical pursuits, a series of anniversary parallels. He drew one between 1631, when the "Blessing of the Bay" was launched, and 1847; between July 4, 1776, and the same date in 1847. When the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill occurred in 1847, he made a vivacious entry, and the next day he noted the fact that sixty-nine years before, the British evacuated Philadelphia, and again that on the 18th

of June, 1812, war was declared against Great Britain in consequence of her treatment of American shipping, which he details at length, ending with a boy's energetic flourish: "Thus was a war declared which was justifiable if ever a war was. It was not as the war of the United States with Mexico, of England in Hindostan, of Russia in Circassia and Georgia, of France in Algeria is, — a bull-dog fighting a poodle, but a poodle fighting a bull-dog; and the poodle proved a bull-dog, and the bull-dog proved a poodle." When he was in Duxbury he would seize upon the latest package of newspapers sent down from Boston, and set about extracting the most important items of news for his note-book.

These early journals are absolutely free from any subjective comment, but they emphasize the fact of the writer's comparative social isolation, his dislike of school, and his absorption, even as a boy, in pursuits which made him find a journal more companionable than a schoolmate. He formed friendships at the time which endured, but his friends remember him then as silent and reserved.

It is not altogether surprising to find him, while still a school-boy, attending meetings of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and even, as he records under date of November 1, 1848, making "a few remarks about the state of the Duxbury Records and the old graveyard." For he had already, in the year before he entered college, set about compiling the history of his father's and mother's native town; and the first entry in his college journal, August 29, 1849, is a bit of self-gratulation at having a room by himself, as he is hard at work on the proofs of his "History of the Town of Duxbury." On October 27 of the same year he notes: "Got some of my books [bound] for the first time. . . . I received my first proof Saturday, July 14, 1849, just fifteen weeks ago."

He at once had an interleaved copy bound, and from that day till near the end of his life, extended the work with all manner of printed and written memorabilia of the town and



its people. That he had occasion to make some corrections was natural enough, but he had the instinct of an antiquarian, and a superficial view of the work would never betray the youth of the author. The interleaved copy is a curious museum of Duxbury antiquities.

A reputation as the author of an antiquarian work was a singular introduction to Harvard College, and it set at once a sort of stamp upon him in his own regard of himself as well as in that of his fellows. It gave him a masonic grip of the otherwise somewhat tightly closed hand of Mr. Sibley, his long-time predecessor in Gore Hall, who was himself at this time busy with his own "History of Union," and must have looked with mingled respect and concern at a freshman in the same field. Mr. Sibley welcomed him in the library, and introduced him to visitors, and at the young man's request gave him a note of introduction to Professor Longfellow.

The ostensible reason for the introduction was the student's desire to make some inquiries respecting the Wadsworth family, and it is an amusing anticipation of his later occupation to find him asking the poet how he could get access to the Wadsworth papers. But though the visit seemed prompted by genealogical zeal, it is clear, from the evidence which his journals and scribblings of the time afford, that Winsor was now and for a long time to come most deeply interested in pure literature. The set of his mind before he had become well established in college was toward history and genealogical research; he was to resume these interests in a very positive manner in his maturity; but while he was a collegian, and afterward when studying abroad, as well as in the first years of his return, the goal of his ambition was to be a writer, a poet he even dreamed at times, but at all events distinctly a man of letters.

In common with other students from Boston, he was wont to spend his Sundays at home, where he divided his time between reading and church-going with an increasing disinclina-

tion to giving up his book. When he was nearing the end of his college days, he broke out in his blunt, truthful manner: "I don't believe, if it were not for my mother, I should ever go to church, for I am always uneasy there. I don't hear one sermon in ten that will pay me sufficiently for the loss I sustain. I leave a good book — and I do not read any book that I can't think much and holily about, and reading is the best thing to induce thinking — and go to hear a sermon, the substance of which I have heard again and again. Nothing new! nothing consequently to make you think. Therefore I am uneasy and long to come home. I hate those sermons which are little else than irreligious wranglings on religion."

In those days in Boston the conception of religion was largely bound up with church-going, and church-going was centred in sermon-hearing. An active-minded, healthy young collegian might easily enter a protest without a practical denial of the deeper sense of religion; and the reserve, the isolation indeed which marked Winsor's temperament withdrew him from expression of his beliefs. He hated wrangling, and above all on topics connected with religion, but he committed to his confidential diary some of the thoughts about God and of his own relation to Him which lay at the bottom of his mind, below the uneasy currents of speculation.

He went up to college with habits of semi-seclusion partially formed, and these were confirmed by his mode of life. He cared nothing for athletic sports, and found his exercise in the saddle and his most constant companion in his dog. Day after day was spent from early dawn to bedtime in reading, scribbling, attendance at lectures, dropping in at Bartlett's bookstore, going to or coming from his room, and a long solitary ride into the country. His social life was largely confined to a share in the Institute of 1770 and two or three semi-secret societies compounded apparently in equal parts of fun, college politics, oratory, and debating. He gave himself most eagerly to the pleasures and duties of a Literary Coterie which he

with half-a-dozen companions kept up during the latter half of his college course.

He had an admiration for President Sparks, and he began his college life with a faithful attendance upon college exercises, in spite of their irksomeness to him. But the moment he was released he went straight to books, either in the college library, where he was made at home, or amongst the treasures which he had begun to collect for himself. His father was generous, but his own tastes were simple and his wants few. Apparently, to judge from his expense account, the books he bought cost him more than his horse, or his own term and board bill, but he seemed not to care about rarities. He surrounded himself with good editions of the best English authors and read untiringly, keeping a commonplace book, and filling his journal with comments on his reading.

His favorite subject was the literary life. He read industriously all the lives of English writers, and filled pages with analyses and criticisms. "I intend," he writes at the head of one of his blank books, "to record here what observations may occur to me on the literary character, and whatever interesting and singular facts I may meet with," and getting hold of a work dealing with the disorders of literary men, he proceeded to analyze at considerable length the mortality of this class from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century.

In truth he was finding himself at this time, and his search was along a solitary path. The society he sought was chiefly that of dead and buried men of letters, and the experiments which he himself began to make in literature were for the most part secret and confided only to his diary. He made essays in verse, and confessed to a longing, which he seemed unable to gratify, for some friend of fine taste with whom he could confer about his attempts. He knew the glow which warms the young writer, and he suffered also from the presence of the dead ashes which followed when the fire of enthusiasm had gone out.

His plans for larger poetical composition had for their basis his latent historical aptitudes. He sketched at some length a poem which was to involve the characteristics of early New England life as discoverable in the records and social life of Duxbury; and he thought he saw the possibilities of a large canvas in the half-mythical adventures of the Norsemen in America.

In the restlessness of his hunt after his true vocation, and in the balancing of the profit and loss of a life of letters, his active, experimental nature was bound to find some outlet which would be more of a test than poems which no one but the author read. Perhaps it was of a piece with his half-eremitic life, finding companionship chiefly in books and the remote writers of books, that he took to going assiduously alone to the theatre. The best actors and actresses attracted him, and he went again and again to see Charlotte Cushman, Booth, Forrest, and others, and came home to write criticism of their acting. He was particularly interested in the comedy of Sheridan and Goldsmith. "The School for Scandal" called him to the theatre apparently every time it was acted, and he notes of one of the scenes: "If I see it every night, it will make me laugh almost to the danger of my life. I don't know so fine a scene in the whole range of English comedy."

He caught the fever of writing for the stage, as these entries from his diary show: —

"*Friday.* After breakfast, sat down and began a farce and finished it just as the bell rang for dinner. In the evening copied it. It was my first thing. 'Don't get into a Passion.'

"*Saturday.* Carried my farce into town, and left it at the box office of the Museum, directed to W. H. Smith, the stage manager, in a letter as follows: 'Dear Sir, you have before you the production of a novice, — a student who has stolen a few hours from his work, and one who can as well rest with respect as attention. Read it, and if you find it unworthy of attention, burn it; if a better fate be decreed, perhaps you would like to confer with the author, who will answer all demands,

addressed to J. W., care of box 1708, Boston Post-office.' Came out to supper. After I went to bed at night, composed and arranged my next farce, 'The Sophomore.' Next day wrote it out."

Two farces in three days was a characteristic performance of one of the most industrious and one of the swiftest workers of his generation. The note accompanying his first farce shows how completely he had assimilated the historic flavor of his favorite period. He wrote more than one farce or comedy afterward, but it does not appear that J. W. ever had the opportunity of conferring with the stage manager. It is more to the point that out of this strong interest in English comedy sprang a piece of work which was much more distinctive of his intellectual aptitudes than the writing of plays.

In November, 1850, he entered in his diary a note to the effect that he entertained the idea of writing a Life of Garrick, and his reading soon showed signs of this intention. He made a list in 1851 of books examined in preparation for a Life of David Garrick. Eleven years later he had apparently covered the field so far as accumulation of material was concerned. His list of books and articles examined, many of them added to his library, was not far from nine hundred. The work, as it finally took shape, belongs to the class of extended books; that is, of books having a substantial entity of their own, and also through natural or forced relationships permitting the inclusion of a great deal of ancillary matter. Thus, by making Garrick the centre of a group, Mr. Winsor was able to take into his plan the whole circle which usually is made to surround Johnson, to include Churchill, Hogarth, and of course the actors and actresses of the day. Indeed, it was the reading of Boswell's Life of Johnson which set him on this task. He collected a good deal of material before leaving Cambridge, and as we shall see later made it the main occupation of some busy years.

His interest in the literary history of Shakespeare began at

the same time, and he planned a liberal system of memoranda of his reading against a possible variorum and critical edition of Shakespeare which he might prepare, for he was not satisfied with Knight's edition which he was using, and he had seen no other which came up to his demand.

All this while, though he gave greatest attention to literature, he did not altogether lay aside his interest in historical pursuits, and he made experiments in writing in this direction also. He prepared a lecture on the northern campaign of the Revolution, for which he painted some "diagram-like maps," and he sought his material in the archives of the State House and an old diary which had been lent him. He was asked to go on the Publication Committee of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, and had frequent intercourse with Mr. Drake the antiquarian.

All these enterprises and adventures are duly recorded in his diary, but the contents of his well-filled note-books betray a growing consciousness of self which was wholly wanting in his school-boy records. His absorption in books and experiments in authorship were partly the cause, partly the effect of his solitary life. He withdrew more and more into himself. College exercises became intolerably intrusive, and Winsor came to feel himself wholly out of place. He hated the task-work, and finally so rebelled against all compulsory attendance that he invited collegiate discipline, and underwent a sort of suspension, by which however he appears to have been allowed to remain in Cambridge and devote himself still more uninterruptedly to his private reading.

He became moody and uneasy under this experience, and longed to make some sort of escape from the limitations, as he regarded them, of college life. President Sparks and Dr. Walker, with whom he seemed to talk very frankly, finally humored his bent; his father's reluctance was overcome, and abandoning college at the beginning of his senior year, he relinquished his purpose of taking a degree and packed his

trunk for a journey to Europe, meaning to pursue his studies at a German university.<sup>1</sup>

He sailed from New York for Havre, October 11, 1852. On shipboard he watched his fellow-passengers, played with the children, read Shakespeare, and wrote long, minute letters home. His fidelity in this matter of letter-writing was constant. During his last sojourn in England in the summer of 1897 he wrote and despatched to his aged mother a letter or note of some sort every day. The habit of journalizing and letter-writing became fixed early and never left him. It was at once the refuge of a solitary and the vent of an affectionate, undemonstrative man. In one of his long stays abroad he wrote letters of several sheets each two or three times a month to a school-girl friend; and the charm of the letters lay in the quiet assumption of perfect mutual understanding. There was not a particle of condescension in them, and the only difference to be discerned between them and those he wrote to the girl's father was in the care he took to choose incidents and experiences for narration which had picturesque qualities. Afterward, when the girl visited some of the places Mr. Winsor had described in his letters seven years before, the vivid pictures he had drawn recurred like the experience of an earlier journey.

During the two years of his absence from home he wrote with great fulness and regularity to the home circle, making his journal scarcely more than a memorandum of his movements. He reached Havre October 28, and went at once to Paris, where he settled down to the study of French, and resumed his old practice of abundant reading and theatre-going, only now he had Rachel to see instead of the players at the Boston Museum. He explored the city with a special regard for the historic aspects, and it chanced that he was in Paris when the Empire was declared, and also at the marriage of the

<sup>1</sup> He received his A.B. degree at Harvard in 1868, when he was restored to his class, that of 1853.

Emperor. He used often to recount his experience of the former occasion, and one of his letters home at the time gives, with graphic touches, the basis of his reminiscences later:—

“PARIS, December 2, 1852.

“The day has closed on Imperial France. The name of Republicanism is past and gone; its spirit went some time ago. The painters are at work obliterating its symbols in public places. The Empire has been proclaimed, and an Emperor has entered its capital.

“I was awakened this morning by the firing of cannon announcing the expected day. At nine o'clock I went out. The weather was cold and damp. A drizzly rain filled the atmosphere. At all the street-corners bulletins were posted announcing the event which was to occur. Crowds of people were gathered around them. Nearly every one smiled as he read, but said nothing. The omnibuses had flying above their doors little tri-colored flags stamped with imperial signs. Here and there a shopkeeper or a householder displayed one from his door or window. I had learned that the Empire was to be publicly proclaimed at ten o'clock at the Hôtel de Ville, and so I went there. I found the front of the building covered with decorations and imperial symbols. Groups of flags, velvet banners marked with golden figures, and a hanging pavilion of tapestry over the main entrance, where a platform was erected, and the pennants streaming on the roof, the painted, cloud-surrounded, royal arms on a large canvas above,—all was arranged with a taste and an elegance native to the people.

“In front of the pavilion lines of troops formed an open square, and the populace was assembled without it, though not in such numbers as I had expected. At the appointed hour the Prefect of the Seine, the chief officer of the department of which Paris is a part, and who makes the Hôtel de Ville his official municipal residence, came forward from within, followed by a concourse of other persons, who arranged themselves along the platform. He was a large, portly man, dressed in black, with a silver-wrought coat, but yet rather vulgar in his appearance, which was not at all remedied as he stood up, scratched his head, picked his nose, rubbed his belly, and put his hands in his pockets. Drums beat, music played, and then he stepped forward with the document which he read, bowing at the close of each sentence. Not a word



was uttered by the crowd. As he finished, he raised his hat with a flourish, and shouted, 'Vive l'Empereur.' A partial and rather faint response of a single shout came from the crowd. Drums again rolled, and the troops filed away, company by company, marching and counter-marching by the pavilion, and shouting 'Vive l'Empereur,' as they passed it, as well as they could with moving nothing but their lips. The Prefect took off his hat to each, and rubbed his belly with increasing vigor.

"When all had passed, the line broken, the space open, the populace moved forward towards the stand. The Prefect again cried, 'Vive l'Empereur,' but got about as many shouts as before. Then, rubbing his belly with still greater power, he turned his back on them, and disappeared, followed by his company, who sate down with him to a sumptuous breakfast.

"I went along to the Palais Royal and got mine. When I had finished it was nearly twelve o'clock, which was the hour that his Majesty was to leave the Palace of St. Cloud for entering the city. So I started for the garden of the Tuileries. I met going there a procession of artisans, preceded by a banner, inscribed 'Vive l'Empereur,' and raising that shout at intervals as they went along. In the garden I found the main avenue that leads to the palace already lined on each side by files of soldiers, and crowds of people were collected on the outer sides. I selected a place, hired a chair, got up in it so I could look over the heads of the soldiers, and stood there nearly an hour.

"It was cold, though it had ceased to rain. French men and women were chatting indiscriminately, as they always do in public places, all about me; bands were playing along the line; detachments were marching and forming here and there. Mounted officers were riding back and forth, up and down the middle. The veterans of the Invalides, each bearing a staff and the tri-colored flag. Limpers there were among them, and blinded eyes and armless shoulders. They came to recognize a new Emperor in the nephew of the Emperor they had served. Many of them wore their old uniforms, which had been the terror of nations in the glorious days of France.

"Then came along an officer of rank in full scarlet uniform, attended by some other officers, passing along in review of the line. 'Ugh! see the Englishman,' I heard all about me. At last orders were given

to shoulder, then present arms, and I knew the cortége was near. First came a body of officers mounted, of all sorts of uniforms. Then a space, then alone, on a dark cream-colored horse, Majesty itself, clothed in green and gold. His person is fair-proportioned and middling. His face wears a very amiable and benevolent expression, which is not at all marred, but rather softened, by a heavy light-brown mustache and imperial. A few cried 'Vive l'Empereur,' but more took off their hats and said nothing. He returned the salutes by lifting his hat frequently and gracefully, and also, as the papers will say, I suppose, 'graciously.' On each side of the line a woman rushed between the soldiers and extended to him a bouquet; he wheeled his horse, raised his hat, but police officers were ready to take both bouquets and women out of the way. Following him came another motley throng of officers, and a corps of cavalry ended the scene. At the palace door he was received, I believe, by Prince Jerome Bonaparte and others, but I did not go to see, for my French lesson hour was come, and I hurried home, where I found M. Fouché waiting for me."

Although he made some journeys, chiefly on foot, the young student passed his two years mainly in Paris and in Heidelberg, studying French and German. He wrote home constantly, describing the life about him and the little adventures he met in his walks, often illustrating his letters with sketches and maps; he made a few acquaintances, chiefly among the Americans with whom he was thrown, and he commented to some extent upon the social and political life which went on about him. But, after all, he carried with him to Europe the tastes and habits which marked him in Cambridge as a bookish man. He spent a fair share of his allowance in buying English, French, and German books; he read steadily, and as his father was building a new house in Blackstone Square, at the South End of Boston, he sent home letter after letter full of suggestions and drawings for the arrangement and equipment of the library on which he had set his heart.

Yet the most noticeable characteristic of this full communication with his home is the testimony it bears to the singularly

filial nature of the writer. I have pointed out the independence of mind which he displayed, but this independence never extended to his relations with his father and mother. The warm affection with which he regarded them had, to the very end, a strong infusion of a genuine Roman *pietas*. Until his removal to Cambridge in 1880, he was one of his father's household, and lived there as a son in manly subjection.

Meanwhile he was working at translations and essays and poems, cherishing the desire to lead the productive life of a man of letters, but very sensitive to possible criticism. His plan of action supposed a return to America for further independent study, and a later visit to Europe with his family, when he would take his degree at Heidelberg. "I am working very hard now," he writes to his father January 28, 1854, "and when I get home shall have abundant matter for a volume of original and translated poetry and criticism which I think may not be unworthy. However, it shall not see the light at any risk on your part. Don't say a word of it to any one. I am pretty well concluded, if I am to succeed in any line, it will be in that of literature; and if perseverance and earnest endeavor can make success, it shall be mine. I am not sanguine for pecuniary success, for that may not come with fame, if fame itself come; but it may bring something, and if you still afford me that assistance you have never denied, I hope one day to be able to give you the satisfaction of knowing that, if not repaid in kind, it is in something that grants you a full share of gratification. If I have any other ostensible business in life than literature, we shall decide upon it hereafter. Many things may happen to open something for me here or there."

He received in reply from his father the customary caution against relying on his pen for support, and acquiescing in this counsel, he returned to the book he had been planning. "I have got a volume," he writes, "as good as completed on German poetry, with translations. You will not mention it to

any one. It is of a character that will meet with success if it is well done. I have done the best I could; and as far as I can judge from the effect of it on those here who have seen it, it is not badly done, — but I am not over-sanguine. I shall hope to put it into shape, and bring it out when at home; perhaps the sequence may bring out something for my advantage: — say nothing about it.”

Mr. Winsor returned home in September, 1854, and a few weeks later with his father, mother, and sister moved into the new house which had been building in Blackstone Square, where he took possession with great satisfaction of the library he had planned. Shortly after he wrote a long letter to the Baron in Heidelberg, who had been his landlord and friend, and used pretty much the whole of it in a description of the house of books in which he had now established himself. He had been cut off from reading for some time in the excitement of return and the confusion of moving, and it was with a sigh of pleasure that he returned to what was at this time his greatest delight.

On December 18, 1855, he was married to Miss Caroline T. Barker, but continued for many years to live with his wife in his father's house. From the time of his return to America in 1854 till 1868, he led the life of a man of letters, surrounded by his books, seeking and enjoying the society of those, beside his home circle, who had similar tastes and pursuits, and engaged actively in authorship. He published no book during this period, except as he was associated with the Rev. George H. Hepworth, the pastor of the Church of the Unity, in the compilation of a hymn-book for the use of the church. He himself wrote a hymn which was used at the installation of Mr. Hepworth.

But though he did not show a book as the result of his literary energy, he was a most voluminous writer on literary themes. He began shortly after he was settled at work to contribute frequently to the periodicals of the day, and his

contributions to "The Crayon," which had been established by Mr. Stillman as a journal of literature and art, led soon to a regular engagement as literary editor; and later he became a regular contributor to "The Round Table," a comprehensive and deliberate critical journal which led a dignified life; he became also the Boston literary correspondent of the "New York World," when that paper was established in 1860 by Richard Grant White and others, with the commendable design of making an irreproachable daily journal in New York.

Into these periodicals, and others which I have not mentioned, he poured for fourteen years a steady stream of criticism, comment, poetry, and fiction, — at least so much fiction as might serve for the vehicle of his thought and fancy on literary and artistic subjects. The book which he brought home from Germany, and designed as the first fruits of his literary endeavor, he did not publish intact, but he broke it up into fragments and used the material in a variety of forms. He contributed, for instance, to "The Round Table" a serial, "The Heidelberg Brotherhood," in which a group of characters discussed, with illustrative examples, German poetry and ideas, and he printed many of his translations when he was writing criticism and studies, which included the authors of the originals. The indefatigable course of reading which he had pursued at Cambridge, Paris, and Heidelberg, found an outlet in his voluminous note-books at the time, and afterward in these years of desultory literary activity.

He had, moreover, one *magnum opus* which he kept by him, and returned to again and again after his wanderings, and that was his "Garriek and his Contemporaries," as he now named the work begun in his college days. His early taste for the stage, and his steady interest in the eighteenth-century drama, made this undertaking a congenial one; and I think a man of Mr. Winsor's large capacity for work and sincere respect for great undertakings recognized the demand made upon him by his nature, and in the midst of his appar-

ently fragmentary life held to this ideal of producing a monumental book. A memorandum of his own makes it clear that from 1850, when he first conceived it, until September, 1864, when he completed a first draft, which occupies ten folio manuscript volumes, he never lost sight of his plan; and that from February, 1860, when he began the arrangement of his mass of notes, until the close of 1864, he made it his chief concern. It is most probable that he would have persisted in this exploit and made a definite entrance into the field of literary history, which was all these years his favorite study, with his "Garrick and his Contemporaries," which would have been a storehouse of information about Garrick, the stage, the manners of the time, and English literary society of the Johnsonian period, had not his faculties been suddenly concentrated on another work which was to be thenceforth his daily employment, and for the performance of which he had been unwittingly qualifying himself.<sup>1</sup>

The association which he had naturally formed with men of letters in Boston led to an appointment in 1866 on the Board of Trustees of the Boston Public Library. The next year he wrote a report, which Judge Chamberlain has properly designated as a "masterly, indeed, as an unprecedented, presentation of all conceivable questions relating to the public library and its constituents."<sup>2</sup> The report instantly attracted the attention of his fellow-trustees and of the interested public. In 1868 Mr. Jewett, the superintendent, suddenly died; the second officer, Mr. Jillson, was dying of consumption. Prompt action was necessary, and the trustees turned to their young associate — Mr. Winsor, I think, was the youngest man on the board at the time — and asked him to take charge of the Library until a suitable, permanent superintendent could be

<sup>1</sup> It is possible that the appearance of Fitzgerald's *Life of Garrick*, in 1868, had something to do in discouraging Winsor from making an effort to publish his own work in the midst of his now exacting occupation.

<sup>2</sup> See *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, November, 1897, for an interesting analysis of the report by Judge Chamberlain.

found. In a few weeks he had so demonstrated his capability that he was confirmed in office. "And thus," says Mr. Winsor, in a brief sketch of his life for his college class, written in 1883, "I became a librarian. If the position of that library be considered a high level, it was by much the same process as in the New England seaboard towns, in old times, a young man sometimes attained the command of a ship without an apprenticeship before the mast, by 'crawling in through the cabin windows,' that I got so conspicuous a place in the librarian's calling."

The growth of the librarian's profession has been so rapid and extensive that Mr. Winsor himself, writing fifteen years after his entrance to it, was perhaps a trifle oblivious of the fact that there was at the earlier date scarcely such a thing as a recognized profession. A few men, like Dr. Cogswell and Mr. Jewett and Mr. Poole, had made independent careers for themselves, but the systematic work which these men had accomplished was pioneer work. It is hardly too much to say that the librarian's profession in this country, especially as regards great public libraries, became recognized after Mr. Winsor entered it, and that he was himself the leader in the ranks.

In the sketch from which I have just quoted Mr. Winsor says simply: "Up to 1868, I was occupied in general studies, writing a good deal, printing but a small part of it in periodicals — an altogether aimless occupation it might have seemed, but it well fitted me for the occupation which in a fortuitous way was forced upon me in that year." There is no doubt that the familiarity which he had acquired with a great many books in a wide range of humane literature made him at once a sympathetic librarian; it would not be so easy to discover in his pursuits the practice which prophesied his ability as a great administrator. That he had the collector's and classifier's faculty might appear from a scrutiny of his note-books; but he shunned business and seemed to be

wholly a man of the library. I am inclined to think that the source of this power which he manifested was to be found in a certain courageous independence and directness of mind, illustrated by his sturdy pursuit of his own ideal as a student, regardless of authority, for this never degenerated into idle playing with books ; in the faculty of concentration which he possessed in a remarkable degree, and in the combination of great industry with swift judgment. Moreover, though Mr. Jewett had developed great system in his administration, the whole material of a public library was fresh and plastic, and the relation of the library to the public yet waited the formula of some one who stood in an independent relation to the subject.

The conditions therefore were favorable ; and Mr. Winsor, bringing to his task ardor, sympathy, freshness and independence of view, together with a maturity of mind bred of long conversance with books, and a well-harvested intellectual force, struck out at once boldly and yet not rashly. His report of the Examining Committee demonstrated how well he had made himself acquainted with the Library from the outside ; his management now showed how well he could translate his theories and speculative judgments into practical working.

He remained at this post from February, 1868, to September, 1877. He has told the story of his career there in a modest manner in a chapter which he was forced into writing on " Libraries in Boston " in the fourth volume of " The Memorial History of Boston," and more at length in the tenth annual report which he submitted to the trustees in 1877, unaware when he wrote it that it was to be his final report, and valuable as a summary of his administration. His eminence in the profession at the close of this service is seen in the fact that when the American Library Association was formed at Philadelphia in 1876 he was chosen President, an office which he held until 1885 ; and again in 1897, that he might represent the association at the international meeting in England.



Mr. Winsor's function as a librarian both in Boston and Cambridge has been so fully set forth by Judge Chamberlain, Mr. Lane, Mr. Whitney, and others, who are especially conversant with his contributions to the profession,<sup>1</sup> that I concern myself more particularly with those pursuits which he carried on during his librarianship, and which grew out of his vocation, as well as out of the habits of mind and tastes formed during the previous years of industrious devotion to books.

As a part of his administration of the library, he turned to bibliographical details. He had the faculty of getting much work out of others, but it was partly because he did such a prodigious amount himself. In 1873 the library issued "A Catalogue of Books belonging to the Lower Hall of the Central Department in the Classes of History, Biography, and Travel, including the Histories of Literature, Art, Sects, etc., Politics, Geography, Voyages, Sketches, and Manners and Customs, together with Notes for Readers under subject-references." It was a double-columned volume of three hundred pages, crowded with notes, which Mr. Winsor wrote himself with very little assistance, a labor that took his spare time for a year. This was a pioneer movement, and one of the chief British librarians, writing of the catalogue, said: "I have shown it to some of the profession here, and they are as much astonished at the idea as at the execution of it. I do not think there there will be many imitators. The labor of such a work must be enormous, and certainly beyond our resources and methods." But the example once set, and the usefulness of the notes demonstrated, the plan was extensively copied, so that now such annotated catalogues on large

<sup>1</sup> See especially *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, November, 1897; *The Athenæum*, London, November 6, 1897; *The Harvard Graduates Magazine*, December, 1897; *The Library Journal*, January, 1898; *The Harvard Monthly*, January, 1898; *The American Historical Review*, January, 1898; *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, July, 1898; *The Nation*, November 25, 1897; the *American Antiquarian Society Proceedings*, April 27, 1898, and *The Library*, London, January, 1898.

and small scale are the rule rather than the exception in our libraries.

The accession of the Barton collection again gave zest to his early Shakespearian pursuits, and was no doubt the immediate occasion of his publication of a large quarto volume, the "Bibliography of the Original Quartos and Folios of Shakespeare," with many facsimiles in heliotype, a costly work, of which only about a hundred copies got into the subscribers' hands, the rest of the edition being burned in the great Boston fire.

There is little doubt that the fervor of the centennial period would have embraced Winsor under any conditions; his early researches in town history and his boyish taste for American history give evidence of a native interest; but his position at the Public Library at once created a potent concern which took shape in a practical form. He set about making the library a storehouse of literature connected with the rise of the nation. He garnered ephemeral publications, made scrap-books out of the more evanescent material, invited authors of writings upon the centennial period to deposit their manuscripts in the library, and availed himself of the current enthusiasm not only to add largely to the treasures of the library, but to bring all manner of literature bearing upon the subject of American history to the immediate attention of the public. For it was a cardinal principle with him, enforced from the outset of his connection with the library, that the treasures it contained should be fully accessible to readers, and that every effort should be made to attract readers to the library.

It was while he was in the midst of these labors that Mr. Sibley, the librarian of Harvard College, resigned, becoming thereafter till his death in 1885 Librarian Emeritus, and the vacant place was offered to Mr. Winsor. He considered carefully the offer, but his heart was in his Boston work; he saw the great future open to the Public Library, and he elected to remain at his post. He was single-minded in this, but with

his generous nature he was keenly sensitive to any act of meanness; he had come once or twice into collision with members of the city government when he was administering the library, and he had a profound distrust of municipal politics as he saw it in operation. Accordingly, when he discovered, as he thought, an underhand opposition to him in the city government, he reconsidered his action, resigned his position, and accepted the librarianship at Harvard.

This transfer of activity, which took place in 1877, brought him into most congenial relations. He used to remark on the great contrast between his early and late connection with Harvard. As a student he was unhappy, he was miserable; when he returned as an officer he was more happily placed than ever in his life, and his content knew no abatement. He found himself in a company of scholars, under the government of men whom he could count on unfailingly, so long as he was faithful in office. With his energy, and with the experience bought by a decade of zealous service in his profession, he at once put into practice the few simple principles which lay at the basis of his conception of a library. His predecessor had laid emphasis on the accumulation and preservation of books. Winsor, without sacrificing this point, laid emphasis on the use of them, and not only made the library free to officers and students, but enlarged its constituency, recognizing students far outside of Cambridge as guests of the University in this particular. In his administration he applied well the principles he held firmly in Boston. He added with care to his assistants, he familiarized himself with details, he did a very large amount of detailed work himself; but he trusted his associates generously, and refrained from petty interference.

It is not unlikely that if he had remained at the Public Library, he would have developed the line of historical work which now began to occupy so much of his attention, but he would have been in danger of an ignorant suspicion of negli-

gence of duty. It is hard for even a well-trained mind to hold the belief that one man could be at once an efficient administrator of a great library and so close a student, so learned a contributor to research, as Winsor proved himself to be. At Harvard he would be judged at any rate by his peers, and it is quite certain that in permitting himself to be drawn into large enterprises of an historical nature, Winsor was feeling the impulse given to his mind by the important change which he made, when he came to the Harvard Library in 1877. He did not, however, take up his residence in Cambridge till 1880.

He was made a member of this Society June 14, 1877, and from that time his active interest both in the Society itself and in the historical pursuits which it encouraged, steadily grew. He became Corresponding Secretary in 1881, and second Vice-President in 1894.<sup>1</sup> In 1879 he took up again in another form the kind of work he had done so effectively in general literature for the catalogue of the Public Library, and issued what he designed as the first of a series, "The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution."

Indeed, from this time till his death, his career is marked by a series of important publications. Setting aside his bibliographical publications in connection with the University Library, and disregarding his notable occasional addresses, his work is represented by two massive co-operative undertakings, and by one great series of independent studies. In January, 1880, he was invited to edit a comprehensive History

<sup>1</sup> The list of historical and cognate societies into which Mr. Winsor was elected includes the Minnesota Historical Society, the Royal Geographical Society of London, Old Colony Historical Society, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Virginia Historical Society, Rhode Island Historical Society, American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Western Reserve Historical Society, Essex Institute, Maryland Historical Society, Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, Georgia Historical Society, American Philosophical Society, American Antiquarian Society, State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Bunker Hill Monument Association, New England Historic-Genealogical Society, Connecticut Historical Society, Royal Society of Canada, and many others. He was Honorary Member of  $\Phi B K$ , Harvard University, President of the American Historical Association, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Michigan in 1887, and from Williams College in 1893.

of Boston on a large scale and upon a plan which was largely his own device. Nothing quite like the "Memorial History of Boston" had before been attempted, and it was followed by a number of more or less successful imitations. Winsor's executive ability was clearly shown in this enterprise. He classified the work, assigned the parts to a large number of special writers, and transacted promptly and thoroughly the editorial business of the venture. But his labor was not confined to this. Besides contributing to the text, he brought to bear his wide reading and research in a great number of notes to the articles written by others, and he manipulated the whole material so as to produce a harmonious and homogeneous work. In his own brief sketch of his life to which I have referred, he summarizes his task thus: "I secured seventy writers, endeavored to unify their contributions, and aimed to complete the publication within two years. It was completely finished in twenty-three months." The work as it stands comprises a total of 2577 quarto pages, with a large number of maps, portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations.

The success of this venture not only encouraged the publishers, but led Mr. Winsor to see the possibility of applying the same method to the far more comprehensive field of the continent, and he drew up a scheme for "A Narrative and Critical History of America." "The main purpose of the book," he wrote, not long after the scheme was set afoot, "was to set forth a bibliographical and critical record of all the sources of the history of the American continent down to the middle of the present century, and writers in this country and in Europe were to be secured whose studies had lain in the particular fields of their several chapters." It was evident from the start that Winsor laid emphasis upon the critical side of the work; that was indeed the great reason for the enterprise, and it was in this field that his position and his own acquirements rendered him peculiarly apt as editor. The combination indeed was a most ingenious one, for it enabled him to present

monographs that were not isolated, to appeal to the only buying class that could be relied on, that of the general reading public, and yet to make the work serve its main object, that of aiding the close student.

Mr. Winsor showed himself in this task a masterly editor. He was more than once called upon to edit, almost to the point of re-writing, the narrative, and he enriched the bibliographies prepared by others from the almost inexhaustible stores to which he had access, besides in many instances constructing the whole *apparatus criticus*. He showed great skill in the matter of illustration, following a clearly defined policy in making the engravings serve as documentary evidence, but his specific contribution in this respect was in the abundance and importance of his maps and plans.

He early perceived the great assistance rendered by cartography to history. His attention had been drawn to the subject more particularly by his work during the centennial period, and when engaged on "The Memorial History of Boston"; but the interest in map drawing was one of the very earliest which he displayed. He made maps of Duxbury when a school-boy. He both collected and made maps when travelling in this country, and afterward when a student in Europe. Now, when superintending the history of a new continent, where every successive discovery was registered by a map, and when familiarizing himself with the University library, singularly rich, for a library of its size and age, in maps and charts, he rapidly became an expert in the science. I am not sure that any single feature of Winsor's career marks so well his extraordinary power of marshalling his forces at need, and employing them steadily in one great direction. From the apparently aimless, desultory life of a reader and collector of books, he stepped rapidly into the front rank of professional librarians. From the position of an historical compiler and bibliographer, having need of maps, he came in a very few years to be the leading cartographer in the United States.

Indeed, this science of cartography, into which, with all his load of daily work, he threw himself so confidently, gave the leading impulse to what was the crowning work of his life, the four volumes in which he traced the development of geographical knowledge of North America, from the first voyage of Columbus to the movement which defined the trans-Mississippi region and the Pacific coast. Here were history and geography commingled, as they had been in actual fact, with geographical evolution the backbone of the structure. No one who has had the pleasure of hearing Winsor, before a blackboard, trace the successive steps in geographical discovery, making the outline of the country gradually emerge from a series of broken lines of march, could fail to see what a living reality his imagination had made out of the disconnected narratives of voyagers and explorers. In all this work he showed the same independent, first-hand order of mind which had characterized him from boyhood. He listened attentively to all that men, books, and charts had to tell him, but the results which he set down were his own.

The wonder never ceased how Winsor could carry on all the research required for the publication of his learned works and yet be the admirable executive officer he was. He made the library the working centre of the University, and his own room there was the resort of officers and visitors. He was ready also to put his learning at the service of students in an informal order. President Eliot has referred to the part which he took in direct teaching. The whole incident was characteristic of Winsor. He invited students to form a class, and then he opened the door to some older men and to some young women, not as formal students but as his own guests. He relied on their interest in his subject, and made them fellow-students with himself. His own success in what may be called private study of a college course led him to undervalue the rules and sanctions of the academic life, and he set slight store by examinations, as he was indifferent to the degree

which stood as the end of examinations. When the time came for his class to be examined, Winsor was in the library attending to his own special work. He was sent for as a necessary part of the proceeding. At first he refused attendance, but on being urged he relented and got his class out of the room, where they were awaiting him, into the corridor. They stood in a row, and their teacher called on the first one to mention what part of the course had most interested him. That question was answered, and he proceeded to put it to the next, and the next, and so down the row. Each student was prepared, and each accordingly was marked A by the examiner. The mathematician who computes rank protested against such a result, but Winsor was inexorable, and left the authorities to devise their own way for reckoning the contribution made to the rank of each.

The course which he had undertaken to give was in the field of cartography as exegetical of history, which had now become his main pursuit. Not only his publications, but his correspondence, had marked him out as an expert, and his services were more than once called for by the United States government, notably in the Bering Sea dispute, and from time to time during 1896, when he was repeatedly summoned by the commissioners appointed to investigate and report upon the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. The report written by Mr. Winsor bears the title, "Report on the Maps of the Orinoco-Essequibo Region."

He had earlier served the State as an expert in bibliographical matters, for he was appointed by Governor Robinson of Massachusetts in 1884, one of five commissioners to investigate the condition of the records, files, papers and documents in the State Department, and served in this capacity till his death. He edited the first report made by the commissioners to the legislature, dated January 31, 1885.

The occasional journeys which Mr. Winsor made to Europe, one of them being of a year's length when he resided chiefly



in England and Italy, brought him into personal relations with many scholars and men of letters; his reputation and his achievements gave a solid ground for this association, and the letters which he wrote to the "New York Nation" during his sabbatical year give an agreeable impression of the visits which he made to great libraries and collections; but he had a growing disinclination to travel, and changes in his own intimate life, the death of his father and still more the death of his only daughter, instead of making him restless, confirmed his disposition to stay at home. He was an immediate neighbor of Mr. Charles Deane, building his house indeed on land which Mr. Deane sold him out of his estate, and during the lifetime of the older scholar the two were in daily converse. When Mr. Parkman died, Mr. Winsor gave by request an address at the commemoration in Sanders Theatre. He was constant as an attendant at the meetings of the Historical Society, and presided with great effect over the meetings of the Thursday Evening Club, his office calling for much more than the introduction of speakers, since it was left to him to arrange for speakers and often he was compelled at the last moment to fill gaps in the list. Many a time he went to Boston, uncertain if one of the three speakers he had engaged could keep his appointment, and prepared for the emergency by a portfolio under his arm, or a well-ordered speech in his head.

The readiness with which he met emergencies of this sort was of a piece with the quickness of his mind in all his occupations, and its alertness at will. He had a most capacious and serviceable memory; it was a pleasure to see it respond to a sudden demand. Some question would be flung out, calling for the straightening out of some tangle. Winsor would sit brooding a moment, unconsciously tap his forehead, and then, at first threading his way cautiously, would move forward at a steadily bolder pace, as the facts marshalled themselves in his mind, and end by clearing the whole subject of obscurities.

In the congenial life which he led in Cambridge and Boston, showing great and unpretentious hospitality in his own house, and belonging to two or three social and literary clubs—he had no interest in institutional club life—he found relaxation and abundant occupation for such hours as were not given to professional work. His play was intellectual. He cared nothing for music and in his mature life was indifferent to the theatre, but he loved the touch and go of witty intercourse, and more than once entertained himself with contributions to the gayety of his neighbors. He wrote a skit for the mystification of a club to which he belonged in Cambridge, and elaborated it afterward in a saucy publication entitled “Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?” and he amused the Thursday Evening Club once, after it had been regaled by a serious disclosure of a cryptogramic Shakespeare, with a clever parody in which he demonstrated, by similar evidence drawn from a literal analysis of a few lines of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, that the authorship of the poem by Edward Everett Hale was ingeniously imbedded in the verse.

The versifier’s art, which had engrossed a good deal of his attention in his student days, became a pastime with him in his later days, and especially he used it in the playful exhibition of his friendly nature. There was a child, the daughter of a friend and neighbor, who had the happy fortune to share his birthday, and year by year, as the anniversary came round, he never failed to send her some little gift, always tied in the love knot of a sonnet or other verse, now serious, now jocose. Those who saw Winsor on this side, knowing his reserve, his undemonstrative but never cold nature, his immovable fidelity to his friends, to whom he rendered great services as if they were the merest trifles, will always unconsciously find that sunny side of him turned toward them, however heartily they may join the world in praising the librarian and scholar.

He died at his home in Cambridge, October 22, 1897.











THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED  
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS  
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY  
ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF  
OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT  
EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM  
OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER  
BOOK DUE  
**CANCELLED**  
JUL 8 1988  
FEB 18 1988

**CANCELLED**  
BOOK DUE  
AUG 07 1990  
SEP 17 1990

WIDENER  
WIDENER  
DEC 09 2003  
NOV 18 2003  
BOOK DUE  
**CANCELLED**

61.65  
72H  
ED